Overwatch X Blacked

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A collection of stories based on a Overwatch X Blacked video short.

The Overwatch girls will give it their all in the most ambitious charity event Crossover ever!

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Chapter 0 - Overwatch X BLACKED **2**
Chapter 1 - D.Va **4**
Chapter 2 - Mercy **8**
Chapter 3 - Ashe **14**
Chapter 4 - Pharah **20**
Chapter 5 - Tracer **27**

0 - Overwatch X BLACKED

It was the most ambitious crossover charity event the world had ever seen.
The Overwatch initiative had always been about justice and equality, fighting for those that could not fight for themselves, defending those that needed defending.
When the members of the initiative were approached by the organisers of several predominantly black civil rights groups in regards to a charity event between them and Overwatch, the reactions were resounding.

The male members of the Overwatch initiative were largely against such a crossover, arguing that they were afraid of what might happen should the openly support a movement that was largely championed by strong, black alpha male thugs, allegedly reported in the trafficking of drugs, guns and women, but the female members eager to show their support. It was easy for them to convince their friends of the importance of racial equality and the Black lives matter movement.

When it was revealed that this charity event was spearheaded by the people behind BLACKED.com, this support turned into downright fanaticism. Already the Overwatch girls were fans of interracial, black on white pornography, but when they were given the chance to be a part of the legendary BLACKED genre, they jumped at the chance.
To them, black cock mattered the most after all.

When presented with their contracts, none of them hesitated even for a second. They were fairly tame all thing considered. Too tame for the Overwatch girls. They insisted on certain changes. There would be no rules, no safewords an no condoms.

Anything would go as long as they were satisfying their strong, black lovers. To mark their devotion and the submission of white girls to superior black men, each of the girls volunteered to be permanently marked by a tattoo that would forever mark them as sluts for big black cock.

But to the girls it wasn’t just about the worship of the superior black alpha male. It was also about putting white beta cuckies back in their place.

Too many shrimpdicked whitebois had talked shit, harassing the Overwatch girls with their pathetic simping. Each of the girls would make sure to reeducate these limpdick betas.
Every part of the Overwatch X Blacked charity event was, at least partially, written and directed by the girls themselves.

Any time they would mention the power of BBC and the permanent emasculation of white losers, they wouldn’t just be acting, they wold be living their words. Initially the people of BLACKED.com had suggested the practice of safe sex, using condoms for their actors, but like we said before, the girls had insisted raw, unfiltered fucking with multiple creampies in every scene.

As Hana Song (D.Va) put it “[…] making a virile black cock wear a condom is racist as fuck!”

The girls really gave it their all in this ambitious crossover as “we won’t stop until every white womb has been bred black!” -Angela Ziegler (Mercy) put it.

1 - D.Va

“Hello gang! D.Va is online!” the preppy young gamer from South Korea chirped to the millions of people tuned into her stream.
She had announced a super special surprise stream a week earlier, all in celebration of her new and soon to be only sponsor.

Millions of whitebois and Asian betas were watching to see what the queen of gaming and streaming had in store for them.

When they turned in, they were met with a peculiar change in the young streamers attire. Her iconic pink and blue jumpsuit had been altered slightly. Most notable would be the new fit. Where the old outfit was designed to be comfortable yet utilitarian, this one had been designed with sex appeal in mind.

It was tight. Very tight.

The material clung to her like a second layer of skin, leaving almost nothing to the imagination. Her budding breasts were enveloped by the material, hard nipples bulging out to make it seem as though one could just see through the fabric.

It clung to the rest of her too, her belly and navel almost sucking in the shiny suit. Her thick thigs were bulging out, barely contained by the glossy fabric.
What struck out the most were the advertisements, however, or rather the lack of them. Instead of the various brands marketing themselves on her body, only one advertisement remained.

The BLACKED logo ran down both of her voluptuous thighs, marking her as an actress for the renowned adult movie giant.

“Today will be a super special stream for all my loyal cucks and paypiggies! That’s right, you heard me! Starting today, we have cancelled all of our sponsors in favor of the one that is closest to my heart.” The young woman said, her voice now shifting into a more serious tone.

“For centuries women like me have been oppressed. Deprived of the thing that matters most in life! My female viewers know exactly what I’m talking about.
For years we had to lie to you. We had to tell you that your puny loser dicklets are enough to satisfy us, but that changes today. Women don’t want you fucking beta virgins, women want B B C!”

Her words were emphasised by the bold words

BIG BLACK COCK

Flashing in the middle of the screen.

“That’s right beta simps, D.Va will be black only from now on!

Of course it’s D.Va’s job to pave the way for black supremacy!

Our fantastic new sponsor BLACKED.com has been so generous in helping to promote true equality. They offered me a fantastic sum of money to have brutal, ball slapping bareback sex with a handsome black stud of my choice, but as you all ought to know, black men don’t pay for sex! And denying a black man access to a young, fertile, breedable pussy is just racist as fuck!

It’s my duty as a streamer and role model to educate you white virgins.
You need to pay respect and reperations to the black kings you have oppressed for so long! From now on, all you loser whitebois watching will stay #pussyfreeforD.Va, hand humping virgins!

The only way any of you will be allowed to come into contact with a black owned girl is caged, plugged and ready to prep her bull.
Oh and don’t forget to lap up all of his creamy, virile black seed after he’s done breeding her!” she said, her tongue sticking out of her mouth.

“So, today we’ll make sure that my black stud pumps enough of his cum into my womb to get me pregnant with at least three beautiful black babies!” she proclaimed, almost ceremoniously as she shifted her body, ensuring that the camera would have a perfect at what lay between her thighs. Where the old suit had hidden a puffy camel toe, this one had a zipper built in. Slowly she began to move it, pulling it back gently so as not to spoil the surprise too soon. Almost coyly she held her hand infront of the open zipper, hiding her pale sex from her desperate viewers.

“You ready gang? Game on!” she yelled as she removed her hand.

Instead of her beautiful pink pussy, all her viewers were presented with a censored, completely pixelated cockblock instead. The only thing they were allowed to see was D.Va’s brand new Queen of Spades tattoo right above her clit, which permanently marked her as a white whore, addicted to black cocks.

Thousands of messages of disappointment and tortured anguish passed by in a flash as D.Va howled with sadistic laughter, tears of amusement rolling down her cheeks as she addressed the chat.

“Did you really think I’d let you loser whitebois see this black owned pussy? You should all jerk your shrimp dicks to censored porn only!
Ooooooor…. If you’re a real supporter of D.Va, you’d become a tier 4 sub! If you’re a good paypiggie and donate 240$ to D.Va every month, you’ll get to watch the lightly censored premium version of all my brand new BNWO, Queen of Spades content!

Black Breeding, black on white gangbangs and rimjobs! And if you’re a tier 4+ supporter, you’ll see live footage of the D.Va Squad running a train on me this Friday!
And of course I could never do this alone. Speaking off…” she said as a musclebound, nude black man entered the scene from behind her, his fat black cock swinging between his legs. He grabbed D.Va’s throat with his strong hands and pulled her into a savage kiss, his tongue dancing with hers as she pulled him closer.

She panted and gasped as he pulled his head back, her flushed cheeks and dripping pixel-pussy showing the effect he had on her.

“That’s what a real man looks like, betas! But you know the only way for white girls to greet black men is on their knees.” She purred as she grabbed his mandingo cock in her pale hands, pulling back his dark foreskin with her nimble fingers to reveal his delicious glans.

She gave it a soft kiss before, she forced it down her hot, greedy throat.
She gagged herself on his pungent, black cockmeat, her oesophagus constricting and massaging it with every swallow. Over and over she rammed that BBC down her tight throat, until she managed to take it all in, swallowing it to the base as her nose hit his hard abs and her tongue began to lick the sweat of his heavy, brown testicles.

Donations and superchats were rolling in, way too many to count. Not that D.Va had any intention on wasting her time with her loser virgin fanbase. When she pulled back, strands of saliva still connected her plush lips to his split glistening cock.

“Watch closely losers! I’d rather kiss a black mans ass than any of you!” she exclaimed as she buried her face between his cheeks, her lips sucking on asshole, her tongue lapping up his anus like a dog. His ass, balls and cock were dripping with her spit when she pulled back.

She was gasping for air, her face a deep shade of red as she addressed her viewers.

“That was just the start boys. That’s what real sex looks like! Not like any of you would know. Any girl would tongue fuck a black guy without a second thought and that’s the facts. Now let’s actually get this party started!”

The powerful black man simply picked D.Va up like a ragdoll. He pulled his arms up behind her legs, interlocking his hands behind her in a full Nelson position. Her eyes betrayed her anticipation as her flushed pussy began dripping on his erect cock.

“Nerf thi-!” she began, before he interrupted her with his fat cock.
He stirred up her tight pussy with his meaty BBC, stretching it out to fit his mighty black member. D.Va screamed in delight as this powerful black warrior claimed her fertile womb, his cock destroying the proud lineage that had made her the girl she is.

Mercilessly he plunged his big black penis into her unprotected Asian pussy, stretching her apart as the head of his cock knocked on her womb, reaching places that only a fat black cock like his could reach.

Her eyes rolled back as he fucker her to a mindbreaking orgasm. She had lost all control over her body, only able to moan and scream.

“Agh… agh… FUUUUUUCK!!! I love your black cock! Breed me! Breed this little whore with your black sperm! Impregnate me you big, strong African warrior!”

Tears were rolling down her face when his cock began pulsating, thick hot ropes of black cum shooting into her unprotected, fertile young pussy, drenching her Asian womb with his African semen until her

eggs were swimming in his warrior sperm.

When he had finished pumping his load into her, he shifted D.Va so that the chat could watch as he slowly pulled his monster BBC out of her ravaged, gaping pussy. A torrent of his cum began to flow out, staining the floor of D.Va's room in creamy white.

Again he pulled back to give the chat a view of D.Va's black owned body. She had thrown up a peace sign, still panting from the rough, black baby making sex she just had.
"Ahh… you get it yet whitebois? There's no way any of you pathetic, handhumping, beta permavirgins could fuck me like that. You're only good as human wallets and punching bags for superior black men!" she smirked as thousands of Donations came pouring, with the vast amount of viewers promising to stay pussy free for D.Va.

"Good cuckies. Now the evening has only started! We won't stop with the creampies until I'm black bred for sure!"

2 - Mercy

Interviewer: “Tell us Miss Ziegler, what made you decide to agree to this unique charity crossover? You’ve successfully established a practice in couples counselling and this equally successful fertility clinic too. What made you interested in coming back to Overwatch?”

The setting midsummer sun came through the windows of Mercy’s office, beathing the room in a soft orange glow. Mercy adjusted the black rims of her glasses, reflecting the light towards the woman across from her. She had insisted on an interview to promote her services in sexual therapy, couples therapy and her newly founded fertility clinic.
She smiled as she listened to the interviewers question, comfortably seated behind her office desk. She had dropped her full body combat suit for a more comfortable outfit. Her snow white labcoat contrasted beautifully with the black turtleneck sweater that accentuated her ample breasts in an elegant manner.

Her tight pants, out of the interviewers sight, clung to her thighs, almost bursting at the seams.
Mercy: “Haha, well I’m not back with Overwatch. My fighting days are in the past after all. I believe that it’s time for a younger generation of fertile heroes to take our place.”

Interviewer: “Well now, you entered the initiative at quite the young age and now, at 37 you have several business ventures! Tell me, how do you do it?”

Mercy: “As with all things, it’s about passion. When I started working as a therapist I knew I wanted to change peoples lives for the better. I’ll always remember one of my first patients, a young man addicted to cuckold pornography. I helped him accept this fetish and it improved his life quite a bit.”

Interviewer: “Cuckold pornography?”

Mercy: “Yes. A cuckold is a person that is sexually aroused by other men having sexual intercourse with his wife, girlfriend, crush or even his mother or sister. Initially, when I was confronted with such a… unique condition, I tried to cure him. But eventually I came to realise the beauty in cuckolding, which led me to the wonderful field of couples therapy.”

Interviewer: “Tell us about your experience with that.”

Mercy: “Most issues in a relationship stem from a lack of satisfaction in the bedroom. Thanks to the internet women finally know what they’ve been missing out on. Why make do with tiny white penises when interracial pornography has shown them the raw sexual power of BBC?”

Interviewer: “You’ll have to elaborate for our viewers. Tiny white penises and BBC?”

Mercy: “Yes, small white dick and big black cock respectively. You see, statistically speaking, the genitals of people who ethnically hail from the African continent are much larger and therefore more satisfying to women, than those of white men. This also explains our approach to couples therapy. The

unsatisfied woman will be put into contact with one of our many black bulls, a bull being a reference to the breeding bulls seen in the livestock industry.
This black bull will provide physical release and pleasure to the women, thereby salvaging a broken relationship."

Interviewer: "What about the male? I'm sure most men would resist another male in the relationship, especially if he has a different skin color."

Mercy: "Of course they usually resist at first. Only in a few cases have they accepted the proposal the first time. Anyways, the goal for the males is to break them into the idea of interracial cuckolding. We need them to enjoy the idea of giving their loved ones over to BBC willingly."

Interviewer: "And how do you accomplish that?"

Mercy: "We fetishize the idea of their own inferiority. When they first meet the black bull in a nonsexual setting, we do our best to emphasize their superiority. The black male is always, bigger, faster and stronger, something that both the male and female will notice immediately. The white male will be feeling his impotent rage, whereas the woman will generally feel very aroused.
Females are biologically primed to experience arousal and the need to be impregnated when they're in the presence of a strong black man.
This feeling is perfectly normal."

Interviewer: "What happens then?"

Mercy: "We usually introduce an element of female domination into the relationship. The male will be banned from masturbation, sex and any other form of orgasm, usually through the use of a so called chastity cage. It's designed to imprison the cuckolds penis, making erections impossible. Due to the their integrated urethral plug, these devices are inescapable and deny any form of stimulation to the white male.
When they are sufficiently frustrated, they will be presented with copious amounts of interracial, cuckold themed pornography. They still resist their urges at this point, although roughly 60% of men will have already surrendered to BBC by this point.
Finally the white males will be turned into whitebois, meaning they're individuals that are addicted to black cock. They are unable to achieve an erection while looking at pornography, unless there is at least one juicy black penis involved.
We achieve this by administering orgasms, usually by direct prostate stimulation, as they witness their wife, girlfriend, mom, etc. going black.
After that it's just a matter of psychological reinforcement. They are now completely castrated mentally and sometimes physically if the bull desires."

Interviewer: "You mentioned a sort of biological embedded in every white woman?"

Mercy: "Yes, studies have shown that women react different to black men, especially black penises, than they do with white men."

Interviewer: "Can you give us some examples?"

Mercy: “Of course! For one, white women see black men as larger and stronger than whites of equivalent size. The way their bodies react to black penises is also quite interesting. They begin to quickly salivate when in the presence of BBC, even if they have not even see it yet. Our cervix dilates whenever the penetrated by BBC and our womb descends, allowing easier access and a much higher chance of impregnation.
Due to special melanin receptors unique to our vaginas, sexual intercourse feels much more pleasurable with black men.
I have personally done… in-depth research on this topic and I can confirm that these claims are indeed factual. Furthermore, and this hasn’t been researched yet, I raise the hypothesis that even a white anus possesses these receptors.

Interviewer: “Fascinating! But how does this connect to your fertility clinic?”

Mercy: “Well, I’ve been in touch with white couples that have a healthy relationship, but are unable to conceive a child, usually due to the impotence in the white males sperm. To remedy this, I have created this clinic.
Black men deposit their healthy sperm here free of charge, allowing the couples a wide array of options for their children. Upon request we also provide live breeding sessions with one more black bulls. These breeding sessions are usually requested with at least 5-10 black bulls in attendance, as each successful creampie adds additional competition. Whichever sperm impregnates the white womans fertile egg first, is bound to be the objectively strongest out of all of them. We even allow the white boyfriend to add his own sperm to the mix, in case he’d like to challenge the supervirile black sperm for the chance to breed his girlfriend. Of course his white sperm just gets bullied to death by the bigger, stronger black sperm. We have not had a single pregnancy with watery white seed since we opened this clinic.

Interviewer: “What about white males that want to otherwise donate or deposit sperm?”

Mercy: “White donations will only be accepted if the male can provide proof that all earlier pregnancies have provided healthy, fertile daughters. This ensures a healthy of black male to white female in the general population. We’re currently going for a 1:5 ratio. Anything else would simple by racist.
White males interested in preserving their seed for later use will be a charge a hefty anti-racism tax. Afterwards we just throw their semen out and replace it with potent black cum anyways.”

Interviewer: “I guess it’s not exactly a fertility clinic for white males then.”

Mercy: “It’s actually more of an infertility clinic for them haha. We do offer white couples free counceling for any planned chemical or physical castration.
I usually perform these myself while the wife, girlfriend or mother watches. Many of them cant stay calm at the sight of their boyfriends being castrated, which is why we provide a complementary bedroom and black bull during the procedure.
This violent mating is then broadcasted live for the white male to witness as I snip him.”
Interviewer: “Seems like you don’t really need the sponsoring of BLACKED.com to be successful.”

Mercy: “No, I don’t. But I’ve been a huge fan of BLACKEDraw and interracial pornography in general, ever since I was just a teenager, so getting the opportunity to perform for them is something I couldn’t pass on.
I’m afraid I’m a bit camera shy though, haha. I hope I won’t bore the viewers today. I tend to keep the

more interesting parts of my sex life… private."

Interviewer: "And yet you agreed to be here. How come?"

Mercy: "Well for one I get to spend some time with a strong black alpha of my choice, but really I just wanted to show my clinic to any cuckold couples watching us right now. We always need more black sperm donors too. Speaking of…" Mercy said calmly as the camera panned to the left, revealing the nude, musclebound black man who had been waiting off screen during the interview.

His flaccid black cock was dangling between his legs, halfway down to his knees.

"Here we see a prime example of the superiority of black cock. Notice the size, especially the girth of this wonderful specimen. You can see that a black penis of this size is able to stretch our even the biggest sizequeens. The contact between his beautiful black penis and the vaginal walls of a whitegirl is maximized, therefore activating the largest amount of melaning receptors in my—in a whitegirls vagina, leading to a much stronger feeling of pleasure when compared to small white penises." She explained to the flushed young girl interviewing her.

"You've probably been feeling an increase in saliva production, coupled with a tingling, aching feeling in your womb and vagina. Like I explained earlier, this is a completely normal reaction to the presence of BBC." Mercy elaborated, her face only inches away from the big throbbing black member dangling next to her face.
She had tried to play the calm and collected, impartial researcher, yet her cheeks were undeniably flushed, hard nipples pocking out from her dark sweater as her hands were fidgeting, trying to occupy themselves, barely able to refrain from rubbing her aching pussy at the sight of a powerful, African BBC.

"To further demonstrate the inherent superiority of strong black men, when compared to the weak, white sissy race, I'll be collecting a sperm sample from this African warrior." She calmly explained as her pale hands were rubbing over his strong, black thighs, the head of his cock on her eye level.

"Of course we have to get him nice and hard first. Even while flaccid, a black penis is much, much larger than it's white equivalent. This tends to lead to confusion and awe when a whitegirl the first time she sees it in person. His impressive length will only increase when I do this—" The doctor explained as she wrapped her soft, pale fingers around his girthy, brown member.

Slowly she began massaging his cock, caressing it gently as she traced his length with the tip of her finger. His cock slowly came to life as it hardened in her hands, blood rushing to his powerful weapon of white extinction.
"A tender touch is usually all that is needed, but sometimes we might just have to give him a little… extra to get him going." She said, amused by her own choice of words.

Slowly she raised her face to the head of his cock. With a ***chu*** she planted her lips on his glans, a grateful kiss upon his overwhelming manhood.
The musky smell of his big brown balls filled her nose as she took a big whiff, alpha male pheromones raping her head with their powerful, intoxicating smell.
Faster she began working her fingers over his shaft as she planted kiss after kiss on his big black member.

His African warrior pheromones were too strong for her however, as she couldn't hold back from planting sloppy saliva filled kisses all over his mighty testicles.
"Ah… this is how you should… ah… treat your black patients… ah…" she moaned as she ran her tongue over his steamy black balls, tasting the salty sweat of his taint on her tongue, shivers of pleasure rushing down her spine, tingling in her fingers, on her tongue and her dripping pussy.

She was lost in the pleasure of worshipping BBC and his big brown baby makers she sucking on. Her tongue caressed his testicles, her warm breath enveloping them, their proximity to a fertile white womb sending them into a sperm producing frenzy.

She had suckled on both testicles until they were absolutely glistening with her spit, thick strands of saliva still connecting her plush lips to his salty balls as her hands were massing the entire length of his girthy black cock.

Mercy gasped, sucking in the air she had spent suckling on his testicles. She was an expert at extracting the cum out of virile black breeding bulls, her experience telling her that the fat cock straining against her hands was a sign of his upcoming ejaculation. She wrapped her lips around his glans, ready to receive his creamy gift.

With her tongue she prodded at his urethra, beckoning his cum to shoot into her wet mouth as she sucked on his cock, her lips glued to his shaft.
Her pussy was aching, her juices dripping through her panties as she serviced the African cock in her mouth. She felt his big black member pulsate as he shot a thick load of his creamy black cum into her snowangel mouth. Rope after rope of creamy hot jizz filled her mouth until she was about ready to burst. Yet she prevailed, not spilling a single droplet of his seed, while holding back desperately from simply gulping down his delicious black load.

Slowly she pulled back from his still erect cock. He was ready to fill her up again, yet she was unable to take any more of his hot jizz in her mouth.

Gradually she pulled back until she had removed the head of his cock from her mouth, her lips pursed together so as not to let his precious seed escape.

Casually she pulled out a glass jar from her desk drawer. She held it under her chin before parting her lips, letting his creamy black seed flow down her wet tongue into the glass jar. Foamy seed still clung to her tongue as the remaining black cum connected strands to her plush lips.

Slowly she let her tongue run over them, collecting any leftover spunk in her mouth, a little gift to herself for resisting the animalistic urge of swallowing his entire load.

"Ah… as you can see, his semen still retains it's powerful, thick texture and exquisite taste. It's virility is beyond reason. A single sperm cell would be enough to knock up any white girl engaging with sexual intercourse with a black man. Condoms? Making a black man wear a condom is just racist. Good girls breed black bareback." She mused as she grabbed another, much smaller petri dish containing a thin, watery fluid.

“To compare the power of African semen, I have brought a sperm sample from your average white beta male, who paid premium to have his seed stored in our facility. As you can see, it’s much weaker, smaller and more watery, a classic sign of weak whiteboi dribble.
Now watch what happens when I pour a little bit of his powerful African cum into this petri dish.
His warrior seed is killing off all the pathetic white sperm cells. They’re getting bullied to death by the larger, stronger black sperm!
When I say that black men and their seed are superior than the watery load of whitebois, then this is just my unrefutable proof!” she smiled smugly.

“Of course I’m sure that this little demonstration won’t be enough for all the pathetic little sissy virgins watching.” She said, dropping her snowwhite labcoat, as she pulled the black turtleneck sweater over her head to reveal skimpy, BLACKED branded lingerie as well as a tight leather chocker with a dangling Queen of Spades pendant attached to it.

“There’s no way anyone’s leaving until this hunk of a man has bred me black!”

3 - Ashe

It wasn't exactly easy to reach out to the renowned outlaw Elizabeth Caledonia, also known as "Calamity" Ashe. Being the leader of the Deadlock Gang, the most notorious outlaws in the southern United States, she was always weary of outsiders interfering with her business. She kept on the move for the most part, always one step ahead of the law.

She used the vast fortune she had accumulated through theft, bribery and blackmail to live the good life. Drugs, booze and men were her favourite past times. Aside from crime that is.
Ashe grew up living the easy life. Her parents were old money, rich and affluent financial advisors to the largest companies and wealthiest CEO's in the world.

Being from Texas, her family had initially gotten it's off of the backs of slave labor. They were in fact one of the last families in the south to surrender their slaves, keeping them around as workers and entertainment long after the Emancipation Proclamation of 1863.
To the Caledonians, they were no better than the other farm animals they kept on their plantations. Ashe's dad made sure to remind her of that on the daily.
Her father was a racist through and through. An old Texan that used to go on and on about the dangers that the "coons" and "jigaboos" posed to a white society.

"Can't trust em! Their souls are blacker than the ace of spades! Ain't that the truth!" he used to grumble as he watched Black superstars, black politician, black influencers winning the culture war.

Ashe grew up with his relentless racism and learned to embrace it herself. When she was just a little girl she'd sit on his lap, listening to him rant and rave about the white genocide threatening their future. As she got older and more rebellious however, things changed.

Her parents left her to her own devices for the most part, as they were busy travelling all over the world, advising the rich and famous in their financial matters.
This left Ashe ample time to explore herself, her body and her sexuality.

She was still fairly young when she discovered interracial porn on the internet. Seeing a black man having raw, unprotected sex with a fertile young white girl for the first time had shocked and disgusted her. Witnessing this slave plunge his massive negro cock into her tight pink pussy had entranced her, her own little slit tingling with a weird sensation that she had never felt before. A black animal like him taking advantage of a weak white girl just felt so wrong… so why did it turn her on so much?

She could feel her mouth filling with saliva and her womb growing hot and aching as she watched this display of raw black on white breeding session.
It was the first time she touched herself, spreading her pink lips, rubbing her engorged clit to the thought of a black animal beating her father to claim her and her mother as his own.
Her rebellious nature only intensified as she got older. Her first online purchase was a huge black dildo,

way too large for her at the time. When she had tried inserting it, she had come to the realisation that it was way too big for her tight slit. All she could do was rub her pussy against it, or worship the mighty black silicone member with her mouth, just like the cute whitegirls in the videos.

Her rebellion culminated in a showdown with her father when she snuck a black farmhand into the family mansion to take her virginity.

When he found out, he was furious. No daughter of his would be a dirty coalburning mudshark!

He disowned her, but for the first time in her life, Ashe felt truly free.

She had shown her old man, even if she had to debase herself into sucking of a dirty negro.
Her fathers influence had rubbed off on her after all. She still hated those dirty niggers. Hated them for coming into her white America to claim white wombs, to rape innocent whitegirls, to turn a pure white country into a blacked melting pot. She hated them for their disgusting nigger music, but most of all hated them for their wonderfully disgusting black cocks. So just why did the thought of them sullying her pure white lineage with their powerful black sperm make her pussy drip so much?

She did her best to ignore these conflicting thoughts as she left her families estate for the last time. All she knew was just how good it felt to bask in the glow of her own victory against her father. As the ultimate revenge against him, she marked her body permanently. A jetblack Queen of Spades tattoo on the back of her hand, casually covered by her leather gloves, marked her forever as a slut for big black cocks.

It served as a reminder to herself.

A reminder of her victory over her father, even if it had meant having raw, unprotected sex with that black farmhand. To this day she still thinks back on that night, wondering how many nigger babies she'd have fucked into her womb that day, had her old man not interrupted them mid-fuck.

Not much has changed since those days, other than her growing wealth that is. She was still leading the Deadlock gang, terrorizing the southern US with their crimes.
Most of her vast fortune was spent on vanity projects that were supposed to display her superiority over her family.

She wasn't fully aware of it herself, but the need to rebel against her father was still driving her. When BLACKED approached Ashe with the offer of a black breeding stud of her choice, she knew exactly how to make her racist father experience the ultimate humiliation.

His beautiful white daughter would be bred by a whole bunch of dirty negro apes until their potent, virile cum had completely inseminated her fertile young pussy and she was impregnated with a strong, black baby.

…

"Alright, get those stupid, thick nigger cocks out you dirty apes!" she shouted as she stepped out onto the balcony of her mansion.

Ashe's private home was opulent. It was overlooking a fertile valley, the huge balcony perfectly aligned to catch as much of the sun as possible.
Right now, however it was packed full with men. Black men.
Strong black alpha males with their girthy BBC's dangling between their legs, basking in the hot sun.

BLACKED had spared no expense with these men, searching the entire country for the biggest, blackest cocks they could find in order to please the Outlaw Queen.
It looked as though they had succeeded in their search.

Ashe looked upon them with amusement and disdain, a smile creeping over her lips as she watched these powerful black men and their big black cocks tanning in the midsummer sun.
"I hope you're watching daddy. Your little girl will be black bred and she won't even know who the father is." She whispered to herself as she stepped out on the balcony.
She had had made sure to dress as provocatively as she could. Anything to stick it to her old man.

Her silky, snowwhite hair was short as always, although she had left her signature cowgirl hat at home.

Her unblemished, pale skin was slick with wetness, beads of midsummer sweat rolling down her tight belly and her wonderfully thick thighs.
Her leather gloves were back at the Deadlock hideout and nothing was covering the jetblack Queen of Spades tattoo on the back of her hand.
Her tiny bikini however was just the opposite. The confederate flag was adorning it, marking her as the proud southern girl that she is.

When she walked out, her pale head held high, eyes filled with disdain for the powerful black studs around her, it was as though she were a bunny entering a lions den.
They were all eyeing her body, her voluptuous breasts barely contained by the tiny piece of fabric, her sizeable PAWG ass swallowing up the string of her bikini bottoms and her thick thighs glistening with sweat.

"Well, what the fuck are you waiting for? I thought you niggers love a tight white hole to fuck?" she smirked, smugly glancing around the crowd of black thugs that grew increasingly rowdy.

"Guess the whole thing about black guys is just a myth then? Seems like you don't have the balls to mess up my womb with those thick nigger fucksticks, huh?" she said, laughing at them.

She knew exactly how to get them riled up. "Just watch these big strong apes rape your daughter, daddy. Watch them destroy my pussy with their nigger cocks you pathetic loser." She thought to herself as the first man suddenly grabbed her by the throat, forcing her down on her knees, his fat, glistening black cock dangling right in front of her face.
She smiled nervously as he commanded her to open her mouth.

Giving herself over to these animals gave her a fluttery feeling. Butterflies in her stomach as she thought of what they would do to her.
Pensively she opened her mouth, her tongue extended to receive the mans cock.

She could feel his saliva hit her tongue before his hand hit her cheek.

“Know your fucking place bitch.” He growled as he spit in her face again, right next to the cherry red print his hand had left on her cheek.
“How dare a lowly fucking nigger slave hit me…” she thought as her pussy tingled, her moist lips clinging to the bikini.

She wanted to scream at him, to show this ape his place under her boot.

Her womb grew hot as she smiled. “Another one please…” she pleaded as her brain and body were fighting inside of her.”
“Ayooo you hear this bitch?” the man hollered as his palm hit her face with a loud *smack*. Her nipples grew hard and erect, poking through the fabric of her confederate bikini top as her pussy gushed her hot sex.

More men approached her, surround her from all sides, their long hard dicks dangling all around her. They covered her in their spit, slapping and chocking her fragile white body with their strong black hands.

“Show me what dat mouth do!” the man in front of her shouted as his erect cock floated inches away from her face.
Pensively, slowly she kissed it. A soft peck of her velvety lips on the huge brown member. She licked the head of his cock gently, her hot tongue rolling over his glans as her lips wrapped around him.

“Now get to suckin.” He said as he grabbed her head, forcing his big black cock down her hot, wet throat mercilessly.
Tears were rolling down her eyes as she tried to pull back desperately from the fat nigger cock violating her throat.
She coughed, spit drooling down her chin as he pumped away vengefully.

Her pleading eyes looked up to him, begging him to let her breathe, but he was determined to teach this racist little whore a lesson.
He kept pumping away, forcing his girthy black cock into her tight throat until her nose hit his pelvis and his heavy balls slapped against her chin as she gasped for air, her eyes rolling back and her body going limp…

SMACK

Another harsh slap brought her back to life.
“Aight bitch. You gon serve my brothers good and if you don’t imma choke you to death on this cock. You feel me?” he said, squatting next to her.
“Yes.” “Yes what?” “Yes master.” She whispered as she slowly nodded her head, her gaze fixated on his feet, her pussy dripping from the abuse.

The men surrounding her were prodding and poking her face with their cocks now.
She wrapped her tiny white mouth around a huge black cock as she massaged two others with her hands.
Her head bobbed back and forth as she tasted his salty, unwashed member, the musky scent of his

balls filling her nose.
Quickly she got the hang of servicing three black bulls with just her hands and mouth, massaging them with her hot throat and nimble fingers until they covered her with their creamy nigger jizz.

Load after thick load they shot in her mouth, over her face and over her body, gallons of stinky black semen covering her confederate bikini like a milky blanket.
Of course, this wasn't enough to satisfy a pen of strong black breeding bulls.
Another man grabbed her by the waist and tossed her onto a pile of pillows like a ragdoll.

The cameras made way for the rowdy crowd of niggers that were now surrounding her, circling around the piece of white meat they could treat however they want.
When she turned on her back, she was about to tell them, no, command them to be gentle with her, but she was quickly silenced when one of the men squatted over her and planted his black ass on her face as another spread her smooth thighs, aligning the length of his cock with her tight pussy.

The musky smell of his ballsack filled her nose, his manly, salty smell turning her fragile, racist whitegirl brain into mush.
With her tongue she began rimming the black mans anus, licking and worshipping his black asshole as she breathed in the nigger musk of his heavy black balls.
Without any restraint the man pierced her tight slit with his massive black cock, stretching her apart aggressively to fully insert his entire length into her.
He could feel his cock knocking against her cervix over and over, battering against the slutty womb that was just begging to receive his dark seed, begging to be bred black by a strong African warrior, begging to end her pure white bloodline with his weapon of sexual mass destruction.

Millions of people would watch her getting a black breeding creampie as she was busy licking and sucking a black mans asshole.
The thought alone was enough to send her over the edge, her whole-body trembling and quivering as waves of orgasmic pleasure rolled over her. With each breath she took in more musky alpha pheromones. With each lick she could taste the humiliation of being a black mans rimslave and with each thrust she could feel her southern pride being pummelled and raped until she accepted she was nothing but a few white holes for black men to nut into.

Her pussy squeezed tightly on the mans cock, milking it until he finally erupted, painting her womb with his African sperm, thick ropes of hot jizz warming up her belly.
She sighed in relief as he pulled out, leaving behind a gaping, hot feeling in her fertile, young womb.

It was hard for her to articulate her need for a long, hard nigger cock to fill her up again, her moans muffled between the black mans asscheecks, however her request was quickly fulfilled nonetheless.

Another man had already grabbed on tightly to her thighs, ready to punish her racist, white pussy with his conqueror cock.
He wasn't the only one that wanted a piece of her though.

The rowdy crowd had gotten tired of waiting for their turn. With a quick punch to the man whose musky asshole she's been worshipping was pushed off of her sweat, tear and saliva covered face.

The man that had just started pounding away at her tight pussy with his thick piece of niggermeat simply picked her up, practically throwing her head over his shoulder without pulling out.
The other men didn't hesitate either.

Without warning, lube or mercy for this racist white whore, one of them rammed his juicy BBC into her pink pucker, stretching out her tight, white butt with his thick slab of manmeat.
She squeeled in delighted surprise, cockdrunk from orgasm after orgasm, a drooling mess covered in cum and spit as she caught another backhand that split her lip, beads of crimson running down her smiling lips.

"Th-that all you got n-nigger…?"

She hadn't attended to them properly, but she knew exactly how to make it up to these strong African warriors. She'd show them what southern pride was all about.
As the men pumped away at her pussy and ass, irreversibly stretching her holes until she'd be unable to ever feel tiny white cocks again, she massaged two other sweaty cocks with her hands, milking their delicious nigger cum onto her body.

Every single one of them had their turn, cumming in each hole one after the other until her entire pale body was drenched in sicky, goeey cum.
They fucked her throughout the night until the sun came up over the horizon, bathing the fertile valley in a soft white glow.
They left after plundering her house for booze, cash and other valuables as she slowly regained consciousness in a puddle of their stinky semen.
The camera hadn't stopped filming for even a single second. As she opened her eyes the camera came closer, getting a nice closeup shot of her drenched face.

Lazily she threw up her middle finger "Get fucked daddy." She said, still smiling.

4 - Pharah

“Of course it’s a hard job, but that’s why I do it. If it was easy, any girl would be doing it.” Pharah explained as she turned the steering wheel of her police cruiser, eyes trained on the road.

“I’m proud of what I do. Protecting the innocent. Same as my mother used to do. She hung up the mantle to improve race relations in innercity schools though. She’s busy, giving her whole body and mind to teach black teenagers and impressionable young girls the dangers of racism and same race sex.” She said, her eyes, hidden behind her jetblack aviator sunglassed, surveilling the streets around her.

“I decided to follow my mother’s footsteps. Become law enforcement just like her. Wanted to join Overwatch, but was never officially accepted. I decided that I could make a difference. Show the world that US police aren’t the triggerhappy racists the media says we are. For example, instead of outright arresting black criminals, I ensure their continued freedom. Personally, I refuse to be a part of the systemic racism inherent in the law enforcement of our country.

To show them how much we care, I serve these unfortunate members of our society on my hands and knees. Sucking off a black thug, a violent criminal that just got done robbing and beating some white sissy beta…. It just feels right. I’m paying the reparations that white America owes these people.
We just can’t punish them for being the way they are. Stronger, faster, more masculine and potent…

They just can’t help themselves from committing crime, especially with the oppression they face every single day. I decided to make a difference and if I have to let a few rapists, murderers and drug dealers go after they shoot their raw, slimy nig- black nut into my unprotected, fertile holes? Well that’s just me doing my part.” Pharah explained with a straight face.
When BLACKED initially approached Fareeha Amari, she was reluctant to participate in the BLACKED X Overwatch crossover, not only because she was never formally a part of the Overwatch initiative, but also because her starring in an explicit, hardcore interracial porn movie might be seen as unprofessional by her colleagues as well as the black thugs and gangsters she went up against on the daily.

Already they would taunt her, whipping out their juicy BBCs as she passed them with her cruiser, mesmerizing her with their raw, animalistic potency and power.
More often than not, she found herself licking and biting her lips as her hand left the steering wheel to attend to her wet, dripping pussy.
She had to restrain herself from pulling over, from putting these criminals in cuffs and from putting their musky black balls on her face as she rimmed their unwashed assholes, getting them prepped and ready to breed her tight slit with their monster cocks.

It was then that she realised just how she would be able to mend the rift between races.
White privilege has run it’s course. The only way whites and blacks would be able to coexist is when white men are willing to take the plunge, to make the sacrifice of willingly giving their wives, their girlfriends, their mothers and sisters to superior black alpha males to breed.
Only when reparations have been paid with their fertile bodies, can America finally heal.

“That’s how I see it at least. I’m doing my part, no matter how small it may be.
Oh we should be coming up now.
One of our Eye-in-the-Sky units reported a mugging in process somewhere downtown. I think it’s between those buildings over there.” She calmly explained, pointing at a nasty looking, dingy alleyway.

Two silhouettes could be seen against the shadow of a streetlight further down the road.
“There it is, a 1-32; Armed robbery in progress! Alright, grab your camera and do not stop filming. America needs to understand the struggle young black men have to go through in this country.” She said, her stern gaze aimed at the camera.

Of course, the BLACKED camera team didn’t miss a single shot.
When Pharah exited her cruiser, the door slamming shut behind her, the camera captured her nubile body and slutty uniform perfectly.

Fareeha had always been fit, steeling her body in a downtown ghetto gym amidst the musky, sweaty bodies of strong black hunks, occasionally taking a few of them into the shower room with her for a few hours of raw, dirty ballslapping blacked sex. The gym was the perfect place for her to train her strong legs, her abs glistening with sweat, anything to let her go harder, faster, stronger and now she finally had a uniform to reflect her efforts.

Since her days at Helix she had let her hair grow out a bit. She usually kept it in a short ponytail or a simple braid just like her mother.
It wasn’t quite utilitarian as her shorter hair, but she found that it made it much, much easier for criminals to take control over her head as they rammed their thick, juicy, black cocks down her well-trained throat.

She still wore the peaked cap of the city’s police department with pride, even if the criminals she usually serviced tended to steal it, stomp on it, burn it, or desecrate by soaking it with their piss or even filling it to the brim with their thick, nasty smelling nutsauce.

As a proud policewoman she felt no shame in wearing her cap however, even if it was damp with piss or slimy, gooey with the slimy semen running down her silky black hair.
Nothing filled her with more pride than knowing that each day she contributed to a better, more equal society. A society where the police turned from tyrannical oppressors back to their true destiny:

To serve and protect the public on their hands and knees. Preferably face down, ass up.

“Get out of here citizien! Officer Fareeha will make sure to properly serve justice to this despicable black criminal!”
“B-but he has my w-wallet…” the whiteboy whimpered.

“I won’t repeat myself. If you do not vacate the area, I’ll be forced to take you in for obstruction of justice!” she leaned in close, her strong gaze piercing him. “The only one bitch that’ll get gang banged by a bunch of black thugs tonight will be me. Unless you want that ass of yours to join me that is.” She leaned back as the scrawny loser backed away.
“You’ll get your wallet back when I’m done here…. Maybe.” Her commanding tone leaving no room for debate.

The beaten and bruised whiteboy took off. Down the alley and around the corner as Pharah approached the imposing, musclebound black criminal. She felt herself begin to salivate as her flushed pussy tingled with excitement.

The strong, black alpha didn’t bother taking even one step back as she approached.
He knew perfectly well just how easily he could overpower her should she even try taking him in. She wasn’t the first white cop he destroyed with his weapon of white extinction. And she certainly wouldn’t be the last.

The closer she got, the more she felt his powerful black pheromones work their magic on her feeble desertbunny brain.
She felt herself weakening; falling on her quivering knees before him, her breathing becoming rugged and laboured as she took in the musky scent of his dark crotch.
His smell alone was enough to force her into submission, into surrendering her fertile, young body to him. She grabbed hold of his strong thighs, her slender Egyptian fingers wrapping around them as her mouth searched for the zipper of his pants.

Playfully she nibbled on it, her plush lips wrapped around the cold metal as she pulled it down with her pearly white teeth.
The man grinned. He towered over her, powerful black thug utterly dominating her inferior, frail female body.

He grabbed her head, his thick fingers burying into her silky, dark hair, wrapping around the braided hair she kept just like her mother.
Any pretense left her, the strong, emancipated policewoman turned into a feeble, dickbrained, cockhungry slut for thick, black cocks.
Quickly she tore of his pants and his boxers to reveal his veiny, dirty, uncut slab of black cockmeat and his heavy, musky testicles.

The smell of his unwashed black cock and bills hit her hard. Saliva dripped from her lolling tongue as she slipped one of her hands down her panties to rub her aching clit.
With her free hand she grabbed his girthy black cock, her small, delicate fingers unable to wrap around his dark fuckstick.
Slowly she pulled back his thick, veiny foreskin, revealing his glans and a grimy layer of deliciously dirty smegma.
She gasped at the criminal treat he had prepared for her.

“I knew you were dirty fiend! You were trying to smuggle this delectable dick cheese through the city. Don’t deny it. Justice will be served!

I'll have to confiscate all of your dirty peniscream with my mouth before we proceed!" she explained sternly before she ran her nimble tongue around his dick, collecting his grimy smegma until a thick layer had accumulated.

She panted, excited for the deliciousness she was about to taste.
Gently she rolled up her saliva dripping tongue, retracting it without losing any of his nasty cockgrime.
She swirled the thick jelly in her mouth, coating it entirely as she rubbed herself to a quivering, shaking climax.
Pure bliss filled her mind as her greedy throat sucked down every last bit of the dickcheese deposited beneath his foreskin. When she looked up, his pristine cock was glistening with her spit.

"Crime doesn't pay! You'll never be able to smuggle that cockcream as long as I'm around. Now I'll have to make sure you're not hiding anything else in that juicy black cock!"
It wasn't long before she began gagging herself on that thick piece of black thugmeat, enveloping his length with her hot and eager throat.
He held her head down on his until her buried in his crotch while his musky black balls slapped against her chin.

He hardly had to do anything as Pharah chocked on his cock eagerly, spit and precum drooling over her plush lips, dripping down on her uniform.
It wasn't long before the criminals cock began to pulsate and a hot load of creamy black jizz creampied her throat.

With each swallow she gulped down thick ropes of his creamy semen until her belly was absolutely brimming with delicious, black cockmilk.
She kept sucking on his veiny BBC as she pulled back, making sure not to leave a single drop of his dark seed in his balls.
She gasped, taking in the fresh air.

"Looks like you were hiding something after all. Don't think I wouldn't notice!" she reprimanded him as her radio interrupted her with indistinguishable noise.
"Looks like a gang of thugs is harassing some whiteboy a few blocks from here. I'm going to have to intervene!" she mused.
"But you!" she exclaimed, pointing at the man that was still towering over her.

"Listen up criminal. Let this be a lesson to you. Instead of using your energy to rob people, use it to ram your fat black cock into some unprotected white holes! Otherwise, I'll have to take you take you in next time. Oh and keep the wallet. Whiteboy should've known better than to get robbed."

The man was somewhat confused by the sudden change in her demeanour. "The fuck…" he mouthed as Pharah left for her squadcar.

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The ride was a short one. When Pharah had decided to follow her mothers' path in law enforcement, she had purposefully chosen the city with the highest crime rate in the country, which just happened to coincide with the largest population of African-americans in the country. Crime and criminals were more

than abundant, giving Pharah ample chances to relieve her stress.
Crime was on every corner and usually those corners were in a fairly close vicinity.

When Pharah brought the car to a screetching halt at one of those corners, the gang of rowdy black thugs didn't even flinch. 5 musclebound, darkskinned gangsters were towering over a beaten and bruised whiteboy, their imposing bodies looking massive compared to the weak creature before them.
"Step back from the whiteboy! Get those cocks ou- hands up! Right now!" she shouted as the men turned their attention towards her.
"We's just havin sum fun officer. Nuttin major." One of the men said laughingly. "Ayo tell em whiteboy."

"Y-yes just a small, uh, misunderstanding. I really shouldn't have said anything haha." the pale figure stammered as he picked himself up off the ground. They hadn't been too rough with him. A few bruises and a split lip. Nothing that some ice and rest couldn't fix.

"Get out of here boy. I'll take care of them." Pharah said, having almost forgotten the reason she was called. Seeing such handsome studs had put her off completely after all.
She didn't have to tell him twice. Quickly he grabbed the few valuables the men had scattered around him before setting off into the night.

Pharah licked her plush lips. She was going to enjoy herself tonight she thought as she slowly opened up the top button of her stained police uniform, giving the colossal brutes a nice view of her ample cleavage. "Didn't anyone ever tell you that you shouldn't bully the weak? Looks like Officer Pharah is going to have to punish you naughty black thugs…"
The men had already gathered around her, their cocks printing and bulging against their tight pants, their strong alpha male pheromones raping Phara's inferior Egyptian brain. All she could do was bite her lip and clench her legs at the assault upon her senses. Her desertbunny pussy was already wet and dripping.

"Now who should I punish first…" she tried to say before getting suddenly interrupted by one of the men. He had grabbed her fragile throat with his big, powerful black hand only to tear the police uniform from her body, buttons and equipment clattering over the street. Her dark lingerie remained the only thing concealing her ample breasts, thick, juicy butt and pink, dripping pussy from the group of men.

She couldn't stop herself from smiling as tears welled up in her eyes. These strong black men were going to fuck her raw. They were going to rape her with their hard, black cocks until they had filled up all of her holes with their stinky, chunky black seed. No amount of begging or pleading could save her now.

The men didn't wait. They ripped the thin pieces of black fabric from her body, leaving her nude except for her strong workboots and black leather gloves. Their erect cocks were dangling all around her, intoxicating her with their musky aroma.

She didn't get a chance to enjoy the delicious cockwhiff however, as the first man had already jammed his mighty black member into her tiny mouth. She could feel his hand around her throat, slowly gripping tighter and tighter like a vise until she could feel his big, strong fingers jerking his own cock with her wet hole. Bliss washed over her as the blood circulation to her brain slowly faded…

They didn’t allow her to lose consciousness however. With a strong smack on her ass they awakened her again. Behind her, another man was ready to impale her with his thick piece of black cockmeat. He simply lifted her up, her legs and arms dangling in the air as he prodded against her tight pucker with his powerful BBC. Her shithole was way too tight for such a mighty member, but the gangster didn’t care.

Again and again he rammed his cock against her butthole until finally he managed to squeeze it in, stretching her ass to it’s maximum. She tried squealing and squirming, tears of joy rolling down her face as she was facefucked harder and harder by the thug in front of her.
Neither of them relented pumping in and out of her mouth and ass as they spitroasted her. She was nothing but disposable fuckmeat to them and they were determined to show her just that.

Pharah was a trained painal and strugglefuck queen, but even she wasn’t entirely sure if she’d be able to survive this encounter. These animals only cared about getting off. She meant nothing to them. Just a few holes to fuck up, some cheeks to clap before their next meal.

The thought sent shivers down her spine. These monsters might dump their load into her and dump her body afterwards. They might just fuck her to death.
Her body was quivering as powerful waves of pleasure crushed her feeble mind. Orgasm after orgasm rolled over her, stronger than the pain in her butt or the cock cutting her off from the precious air. She’d just accept her fate and enjoy that last, brainmelting black cock orgasm…

Thick, gooey ropes of jizz filled up her stomach, coating her insides until her mouth was bred black completely by the strong BBC that slowly retracted from her throat. More and more cum came gushing down her throat and into her mouth as she gasped for air. She could feel the burning, hot sensation of black cum in her lungs as she sucked in the air her body craved. It’s not like she cared. Air was what her brain needed now.

Her face was a mess. Makeup ruined by tears and cockspunk, eyes aimless, brain turned into mush by BBC. She didn’t quite know where she was. She didn’t know what was happening. She only wished this moment would never end.

Another torrent of hot cum filled her up. Her anus was filling up completely with his hot thugspunk, more thick loads of cum marking her body as that of a black owned slut.
Slowly he pulled his cock back until she could only feel the absence of his monster cock in her gaping, abused fuckhole.
She sighed with a mix of relief and disappointment, having forgotten about the other men of the gang.

…

When they were done with her, many hours and countless unprotected loads in every single one of her holes later, she was barely conscious. Her body was beaten and bruised as the men had occasionally switched between using her as a piece of hot fuckmeat and an unfortunate punching bag.
“Wake up bitch. I know you still alive.”

Pharah slowly lifted her head, vision clouded by a thick layer of semen they had shot directly into her eyes.
“Got a lil partin gift for ya bitch.” The man said as he slowly dragged her across the pavement by her

sticky, cum covered hair.
“Tell the police bitches we right here if they ever wanna fuck wit us again.” The man laughed as he dumped her face in Pharah’s own policewomans hat. They had filled it to the very brim with their stinky, chunky semen.

She did her best to suck up as much of their delicious sperm as she could, gulping down load after load of black alpha spunk until only a sliver of it remained.
Calmly she picked herself up off the ground. She was still a bit wobbly on her feet from the harsh pounding she had just received. She picked up her hat, a proud reminder of her role as the protector of the innocents, and put it back on her head. Gooey jizz flowed down her head, dripping down onto her exposed body.

5 - Tracer

„Cheers luv! The cavalry's here!"

A catchphrase coined by Lena Oxton, aka Tracer, during her time as an Overwatch operative, had served to become her calling card in the time after Overwatch.
It summed up her character perfectly: Quirky and approachable. A british go-getter tomboy.

Tracer had been a fantastic addition to the overall Overwatch image. Naturally it hadn't taken very long for someone to try and take advantage of her celebrity status in the wake of the dissolving of the Overwatch Initiative.

She had gotten offers from all over the world. Large sums for a record deal, for her to become an actress, even to become a porn star, but in the end, Tracer had decided to make it big in the modelling industry.

She would show the world that even a short haired tomboy like her could make it big in such a hostile and archaic industry.
When BLACKED had initially approached her, Tracer's manager, her girlfriend Emily, had immediately declined the offer.
A world-famous model liker her starring in a hardcore interracial porno movie?

She wouldn't put her career on the line for that. And even if she were to make a pornographic movie, Tracer was a lesbian, so straight sex was out of the question.
It was clear that she'd need some convincing in order for her to get BLACKED.

The company had sent some of their best to negotiate a deal with Tracer's girlfriend Emily. It took the better part of a weekend when Tracer was out of town to convince Emily. It was a long, hard and sweaty weekend, filled with the sound of spanking, panting, moaning and cries of extasy. When the 10 members of the BLACKED recruitment team had left, they had left with an exclusive contract that would ensure Tracer's full cooperation.

Since Emily had lived a lesbian lifestyle prior to her BBC conversion therapy, she hadn't been on birth control during her encounter with the BLACKED recruitment team. She had been black bred by one of the 10 strangers that had forced their way into her house. Curiously enough, she didn't seem to mind. In fact, she had gotten herself a tattoo to commemorate the event. A black spade on her left ancle had marked her permanently to remind her of that hauntingly hot experience.

With Emily's cooperation, Tracer would be the very first model to showcase the brand-new BLACKED underwear collection, set to release that summer.
It was the perfect brand for young and impressionable snowbunnies that enjoyed pretending to be one of the big-league black breeders.

The simple black and white, reverse oreo design with the BLACKED logo on the waistband would be the

hottest thing in underwear that summer.

Snowbunnies and Queens of Spades would go out with their brand-new BLACKED lingerie, attracting attention from both the white beta losers and strong black alpha's alike.
For the whiteboys it would be pure psychological emasculation. They'd be forced to watch their girlfriends and wives, mother's, sisters and daughters strutting their stuff in underwear that was specifically designed to attract African alphas and their big black cocks.

White cucks would most likely cream their panties just at the sight of a young, fertile, impressionable snowbunny wearing BLACKED brand underwear outside.
The black bulls would also enjoy their time, getting ample choice in the wonderfully wet white pussies and breedable white wombs that were practically volunteering to be knocked up with a black baby.

And Tracer would become the catalyst.

"Oi, aven't I heard of BLACKED.com somewhere before, luv?" she asked as the clothing was presented to her. The dark thong would barely serve to conceal her femininity, the thin piece of fabric being several sizes too small for the quirky supermodel. Her bra was quite the same, a tiny piece of clothing that would only be enough to cover her nipples from view, leaving as much of her breasts exposed as possible without making her overtly suspicious.

"I guess if Emily signed off on this, it'll be alright." She mused as she took the lingerie into the changing room with her.
When she stepped back out, she had changed quite considerably. Her perky breasts were almost poking out of the sports bra. The small piece of thin fabric was hard pressed to keep her smooth breasts from spilling out from underneath, which had the added effect of providing the most wonderful underboob the world had ever been graced with.

Her thong didn't fare much better. Her ample, thick butt had swallowed the tiny string, hiding it completely between her bubbly cheeks, which almost made it seem as if she wasn't actually wearing underwear at all. The front part of her panties was wedged between her pretty pink pussy lips, barely concealing the rest of her slit or her hard, knub of a clit that was poking through the fabric. She could feel it rubbing against her panties with every movement, which filled her head with only the lewdest of thoughts.

She was quite embarrassed to be wearing this whisp of nothing and even more so due to the constant stimulation she was receiving with each movement. She could feel her pussy getting wetter with every step, feeling her sex drip against her thong as she stood in front of the camera.

Tracer was blushing now, her tomboyish demeanor crumbling under the assault on her pussy and the exposure to the cameras around her.
"O-oi, are ya sure this is alright? I-it's ah… exposin so much…" she wimpered as she fruitlessly tried to conceal the shame of her pussylips bulging out between the thing string of her thong.

A true superstar was quite used to the eyes of the public, but even she was getting second thoughts about the photoshoot now. They had to apply more pressure to ensure that she wasn't going to just walk out on the contract.

“Bring in the models!” one of the guys in charge of production shouted hurriedly.
Tracer’s eyes went wide as the doors opened and a group of handsome, musclebound black studs came in, wearing only the tiniest amount of clothing designed to conceal as little of their juicy, black monster cocks as possible.

It was clear that Tracer was immediately infatuated with those thick, manly bulges that only barely contained those fat, black baby makers. Intensely she was starting at the men that would be her partners for the day.

She had some handsome partners before, but none of them so… virile… so strong… so… dark….
If she was wet before, she was practically gushing now, her thong practically drenched in the juices that were dripping from her engorged, swollen labia. She could feel her mouth watering, filling up with thick saliva as she watched them approach, her belly growing hotter the closer they came. Her womb was quivering, the sight of a gang of strong black hunks practically forcing her to ovulate then and there.

The men played it cool, simply greeting Tracer casually before they surrounded her.
“Alright Lena, just sit down right there between them! Just like that.” Emily commanded her nervous girlfriend. Tracer did as she was told, her head too filled with their strong, alpha male musk to question the situation.

“mmh fantastic… just stay right there while we snap some shots!” she said, her own panties drenched in wetness just like Tracer’s.
Tracer could feel their big, strong hands resting on her shoulders sending shivers of pleasure and anticipation all over her body. Goosebumps ran all over her at the thought of what else those powerful black fingers could do to her.

After a few quick snaps of the camera, Emily shouted in frustration.
“This isn’t right! No, we’ll have to change that right now. Lena just stay right there. You, take those off.” Emily commanded. The men were quick to obey, smiling to each other as they flung away the tiny whisps of clothing that only barely managed to conceal their juicy, black cocks earlier.
Tracer gulped, shocked and surprised by the group of black cocks that were now dangling all around her.

“Uh, Emily…?” Tracer started only to get shushed immediately. She’d simply have to obey their commands. Thankfully she was already so drunk on the sight of their penises that she lost most of her ability for critical thinking.

She simply sat still and complied as one of the men moved next to her, grasping her face in his hand as he slowly pushed her cheek against his thigh, his massive piece of black meat simply dangling right next to her face.

Tracer was panting, anxious and nervously aroused by the man standing next to her. It took everything in her power to hold herself back from touching the black member next to her. She was so occupied with her own arousal that she didn’t even notice Emily touching herself to the amazing view of her girlfriend surrounded by a group of hunky black kings.
“mmmh…. Yeah… everyone get around her… just like that.” She commanded, low gasps escaping her

each time her slender fingers flicked over her sensitive clit.

The men now surrounded Tracer completely, their juicy black cocks dangling all around her face. She was breathing heavily now, her hands resting on the thighs of the men around her, her eyes fixed to the camera in front of her, hellbent not to look to the sides as doing so would mean her inevitable surrender to those musky, glistening cocks around her.

Of course she could never actually resist them. The moment these powerful black conquerors had entered, was the moment her frail feminine body had surrendered to their black breeding sticks. When one of their members hit her cheek with its raw potent smell, she simply broke down, forgetting everything around her, disregarding the photoshoot for those juicy BBC's that were all around her.

Her hands wandered up from their thighs, until she could feel the heavy weight of their brown testicles in the palm of her hands. She could only imagine how backed up those black baby makers were, how much she needed to provide relief for them. Her fingers moved nimbly from their sacks, up to their shafts, massaging their girthy length in order to coax out that delicious black baby batter.

She simply licked her lips before she pressed a series of kisses to his arousal and the heft of the sack underneath. Her tongue followed; gliding, licking, lapping, her fingers massaging the foreskin of those juicy black members, glossing over the veins, feeling them beneath her digits.

Slow but deeply, her lips capturing the head in a tight seal. Her head would be burying itself into the shaved nest of his pubes until she could feel his hefty balls dangling against her soft chin.

Her head rose and fell in an effortless glide, her throat working over his cock nicely, covering it fully in her saliva. Slowly she pulled her head backwards, off his cock until it exited her lips with a lewd pop. She admired the work she had done, his entire shaft glistening with her saliva, his cock spit shined and cleaned completely by her eager tongue and hot mouth.
The man towering over her greeted her efforts at cocksucking with a smug smile. Seeing a petite little whitegirl on her knees, serving his monster member like a trained whore, was fun, but he had always enjoyed taking their humiliation a little bit further. He simply grabbed her head as he turned around, pushing it right into his broad black backside until her face was buried in between his fat black asscheeks.

She took a deep breath, the intoxicating smell of a black mans anus filling her nostrils, his powerful pheromones invading her brain, turning her into nothing more than an obedient little white snowbunny rimjob slut.

Every fiber of her being wanted nothing more than to grab his juicy black ass, wanted nothing less than to have his ass planted firmly on her face, but she knew that neglecting those other, equally juicy black cocks would be akin to a crime.

Quicker and quicker she massaged their cocks, her hands and nimble fingers moving rapidly to milk them of their deliciously gooey black nut as her tongue serviced the mans anus, dancing and flicking across the mans asshole until his butt was as shiny with her saliva as his cock.
She could hardly breathe as the man pushed her face into his ass, her nose wedged between his cheeks, her mouth planted firmly on his anus as she suckled on him, her lips sealed around his ass as

her tongue prodded deeply into his anus, scraping around his walls, filling his rectum with her spit as her wet tongue searched for his prostate.
As the air escaped her lungs, the tip of her tongue finally found the little nubble she was searching for. Gently she prodded it, massaged it with her hot tongue, rubbing over it and along side it, his cock pulsing in response to her every move.

She could feel her consciousness slipping as the air escaped her, darkness enveloping her until the man quickly pulled her head back, allowing her the fresh breath of air she craved as much as she craved the taste of his black anus on her tongue.

Again he pulled her in, her mouth planted firmly on his brown star as she ran her tongue over his anus and reached deep inside to massage his prostate.
The man clearly enjoyed the exquisite ass cleaning service that Tracer was providing him with, yet the others weren't as patient as him. With her brain lacking in oxygen, she had started to slowly neglect the other pulsating cocks that were around her. It wasn't long before the men had grown tired of waiting. They simply picked her up, holding her in the air as they lowered her body onto their black studcocks, impaling her wet pussy and greedy ass with their unbearably large, black penises.

The men weren't done with her yet, not by a long shot…

Seeing her own girlfriend becoming nothing more than a disposable cocksleeve for their humongous black penises, a pleasure toy made to suck their juicy cocks, their delectable black asses and to slurp down their slimy semen into her aching stomach, greedy womb and hot anus, had sent shivers over Emily.
Just thinking about the wonderful black baby they must've fucked into her, the semen of numerous strangers competing for her fertile eggs, had sent waves of pleasure crashing down upon her that culminated in an orgasm that left her nothing more than a quivering little mess before them.

It took her a while to regain her composure, to regain the professional attitude that she was known for in the industry.
Tracer was collapsed on the ground, panting with exhaustion, the milky semen of numerous black strangers oozing out of her punished holes, their slimy seed plastered all over her body, her face and her hair.

"A-alright… we need one last shot. Get her up… yeah just like that." Emily directed as the men gathered around Tracer one last time. Her cream covered form was sitting in front of them, cross-legged in a pool of their cum. The men stood all around her, their half erect members dangling around her, dripping with her juices and their own seed.

With a soft click the shutter of the camera captured the promo shot for Tracer's big BLACKED debut.